

Changes in Constitution Pass at Historical Union Meeting

Report of Committee on Student Government is Accepted With Little Discussion—Abolition of Students' Court Raises Knotty Problem

At last the feeling of suppressed excitement prevalent around the campus during the past few weeks is relieved. No longer need the President of the Students' Union tremble by day and lie awake by night. For the Students' Union as a legislative body has passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and a new form of government is established. This and other changes were accomplished at a meeting of the Union held in Convocation Hall last Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock. In spite of the comparatively large attendance, business went forward more quickly than had been expected. The law students, indeed, prolonged the discussion on the Students' Court, but this was only natural. We bore patiently with their ruminations, for they did display a little humor occasionally; altogether it was quite a meeting, and everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The meeting was called to order by President T. Askin, who read the motion passed last spring, forming a committee to investigate student government and related problems. D. P. MacDonald, chairman of this committee, then rose to present its report to the Union. He gave a short account of the work of the committee and a brief but clear synopsis of its findings, emphasizing this point: "You are merely making legal what already is the case." To the general surprise there was no discussion whatever, and the report was adopted on the motion of R. Hamilton. The corresponding amendment to the Constitution was passed almost as quickly. It seemed hard to realize that in such a short space of time the old order had changed, yielding place to a new and, we trust, a better one.

The Supplementary Report on the Students' Court was then presented by D. P. MacDonald, who attempted to show that the court had outlived

its usefulness and was no longer functioning properly, most of the actual disciplinary work being done by the Provost. This report was also very peacefully adopted, on the motion of R. Hamilton. The fireworks began when Mr. Wershof moved the amendment abolishing the Students' Court. Then did the lawyers burst forth in their wrath, and held us spellbound for an hour, interrupted only by various motions that we adjourn until 4:30, "that the question be now put," etc., due principally to the desire of many to escape to 11:30 lectures. These motions, however, were completely crushed, and the debate went merrily on, several arguments and a few jokes being produced incidentally to the general blarney. In the end the amendment was passed, to the great discomfiture of the lawyers.

The Supplementary Report on Athletics was deferred for further consideration by the Athletic Association. D. MacKenzie moved a hearty vote of thanks to the committee for the weary hours of work which had made possible the presentation of this excellent report. The meeting was then adjourned.

Thus terminated perhaps the most eventful Students' Union meeting which Convocation Hall has ever witnessed. (It might be explained incidentally that the amendments passed at this meeting will go into effect on January 1, 1929.)

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETS AS USUAL

Rugby Club to Negotiate for Game at B.C.—Subject of Gate-Crashers Aired

The Students' Council held their usual weekly session on Monday night. Permission was issued to the Rugby Club to enter into negotiations for an encounter with British Columbia, though some sympathy was expressed for the British Columbians.

Attention was drawn to the number of non-students who crashed the gate at Saturday night dances. Next time we had better bring our green cards.

A deputation of nurses appeared to discuss the question of a refund of fees on the grounds of their being prevented by long hours from taking part in student activities. It was decided that no concession would be made by the Council.

FINANCIAL NEWS

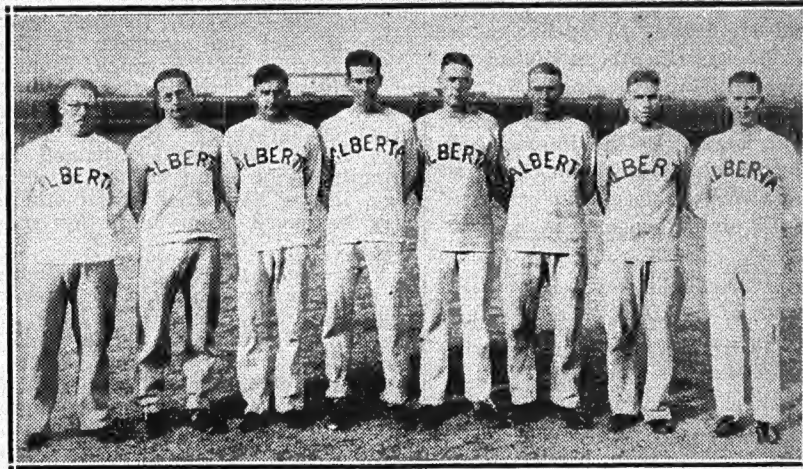
C.T.E.F. Bonds Recommended—Boom in Sight

Mr. Ian S. Macdonald, President and General Manager of The Consolidated Transportation Endowment Fund, wishes to thank the many subscribers for their hearty response to the first issue of the capital stock which was placed on the market Monday morning at 1c par value. Heavy buying on the Common Room Exchange was reported, the stock soaring to high levels. On the advice of Mr. A. Lee Cameron, Mr. Shubin invested heavily, purchasing six shares at five cents each.

Mr. Macdonald, when interviewed by your correspondent, stated that his business trip to the southern city was very successful. Many people expressed an interest in the newly-formed company, the C.P.R. porters especially asking many questions.

A further issue of the treasury stock will be placed on the market soon in order to finance a large scale undertaking on November 9th, when the President expects to leave on an extended trip to Saskatoon and Winnipeg.

TROPHY WINNERS



MEN'S TRACK TEAM

Left to right the men are: "Butch" Glasgow, crack sprinter, who took second only to Wright; Ben Lyons, who won points in the pole vault and the three mile; Harold Wright, whose garnering of 20 points by taking first in the 100, the 220, the 440 and the broad jump needs no amplification; Norman McLeod, who got a second in the mile and a third in the javelin—4 points; "Len" Cockle, first in the javelin and discus and third in the shot put; "Mickey" Crookford, third in the mile and half-mile, second in the 440; "Fritz" Werthenbach, team captain, first in the low and high hurdles; and Bill Cutsungavich, first in the three mile, second in the half mile, and third in the mile.

Alberta Varsity Shows World A Few Things About Cattle

Department of Animal Husbandry is Developing Shorthorn, Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus Breeds Which Take First Place in the Markets of North America

On Wednesday, Nov. 7th, certain interested citizens had a chance to see what the Animal Husbandry Department of the University was doing in the way of advertising Alberta as a stock raising district. At 2 p.m. there was a display at the University barns of the 19 market steers which are to be entered in the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair held in Toronto from Nov. 25th to the 30th. After the judging there the same animals will be entered in the International Livestock Exhibition at Chicago.

These two exhibitions represent the biggest and best of their kind in the world. Alberta has been represented by the University for the last eight years at both, and has made a remarkably good showing throughout in the quality of the market steers shown. Last year, in particular, the entries from the University herd took all the breed championships and also the grand championship for market steers, at Toronto. At Chicago, packing centre of the world, in the face of the keenest competition from the corn belt, the same exhibits were awarded three firsts and a breed championship.

Raised on Alberta Produce The exhibit for this year is composed of 19 market steers, raised and fattened on Alberta produce. This exhibit is made possible by the willing co-operation of Alberta breeders, who have donated most of the group to the University. The breeds represented are Shorthorns, Herefords and Aberdeen-Angus. In other years it has been a most potent advertisement for Alberta's possibilities as a stock centre, and has created great interest in the east and the mid-western States. It serves as a striking demonstration as to the suitability, not only of the climate, but of the native feed, for the steers shown are all fattened and conditioned on Alberta grown fodder.

In his interview, Mr. Sackville, of the Department of Animal Husbandry, spoke highly of the excellent spirit of co-operation that existed between the stock-raisers and farmers throughout the province and their interest in the work which the University was doing to further this branch of agriculture in the west. "Any successes which have been achieved in the past are directly due to the splendid co-operation of the breeders of the province in supplying us with suitable material and to the services of Joe Johnson, the University herdsman." It is well to

realize that this phase of the University's work is of great value to the province at large, in that it sends her produce to the bigger centres to "show the world" what Alberta can do in the way of finishing beef on the hoof for the world market.

Individuality—A Protest

By C.

In this much-vaunted age of freedom and liberty, are we not losing some of our originality? Are we not simply becoming copies of the latest thing, whatever it may be? Freedom, of course, is desirable; perhaps the most desirable thing in the world, but it is beginning to appear that we have gained freedom for the mass at the expense of the individual. Who is there, especially among the younger generation, who dare to think for himself? What one does, all the others must do, or run the risk of being dubbed "queer" or "behind the times."

We are all free individuals and are happy in the fact that we have the right to think for ourselves and follow the dictates of our own personalities, but no one of us would dare to sing or whistle one of last year's popular songs, no matter how much he liked the air. Some one would be sure to say, "Where have you been all year?" So it is with slang; if a person is really original and invents a slang phrase all his own, either he is considered to have said something queer, or else the phrase "takes," and all the members of his set are using it within the week. The most witty, the most clever, and the most entertaining person in a crowd is the one who can remember to say and do the latest things: wear the latest clothes, whistle the latest tunes, dance the latest dances and have on the tip of his tongue the latest sayings and catch-phrases. We often wonder why so many women of this generation smoke, and some people think they are merely taking advantage of their freedom. This may be true in some cases, but it is just as likely true that more than half of the girls who smoke started the habit because they disliked making themselves conspicuous by refusing—because they dreaded the appellation "slow." We look back upon our grandmothers, and think how uncomfortable they must have been in those tight waists and hoop skirts; but what girl of today has any freedom in the choice of her clothes? Unless she wants to be hopelessly out of the crowd, she has to wear short skirts whether she likes them or not, she has to put her waistline wherever fashion dictates, and she has to wear an inverted plant pot for a hat, no matter how much she likes a wide brim. Of course, people are not all slaves to the whim of following the majority when selecting their clothes, but still the clerk in a clothing store usually finds his best argument in the words, "Everyone is wearing them this season, madam," or "We are selling a lot of this line just now."

Looking back over history we can see that we have gained much, and we are now essentially free individuals, but we fail to see that we may lose this freedom by our very satisfaction in it. We are utterly complacent, utterly sure that whatever we do is new, has never been done before and therefore is an expression of our freedom. And so, to prove that we are not slow or unprogressive we must follow the latest thing to the letter, accepting it as the right thing if other people are doing it, never recognizing the danger that many of us may be losing sight of our true selves in the frantic endeavor to keep "in the swing."

Rugby Team Travels East In Quest of the Hardy Cup

Team Will Be at Nearly Full Strength For Games at Saskatoon and Winnipeg—One Win Clinches Trophy—Games With U. B. C. Probable

Can the University of Alberta rugby team win the Intercollegiate title for the first time? Can the team go through its Intercollegiate schedule without having a defeat registered against it and thus repeat Manitoba's record of last year? Can the green and gold twelve run its winning streak up to five straight games? An affirmative answer to each of these questions confronts the team with no small task; the members of the team have just been through a hard battle at Calgary, and their next assignment is to travel east and play two games in three days—no easy going. But to hope for a clean sweep is not to hope the impossible, and the winning of the title is only a matter of getting an even break on the trip: a win at either Saskatoon or Winnipeg will do the trick.

Leave Friday Afternoon

Alberta's representatives leave the C.N.R. station at 3 p.m. on Friday with the avowed intentions of bringing back another trophy from Manitoba 'Varsity, the Hardy Cup, emblematic of the Western Intercollegiate rugby championship, and they should do it. Alberta plays the Saskatchewan U. at Saskatoon this Saturday, November 10. This game is followed by the Manitoba game at Winnipeg on the ensuing Monday, Nov. 12, Thanksgiving Day. The Green and Gold aggregation has met both these teams on the home field in a game apiece and has won both games. The first game of the season against the Green and White from Saskatchewan ended 8-1 for Alberta. In the Manitoba game on October 27 the latter team took the short end of a 20-6 score. Can the Green and Gold repeat these performances away from home? We say "yes." Saskatchewan ought to provide plenty of opposition. They have just won the Saskatoon city championship by defeating the Junior Hill-tops, but they must remember that Alberta's contingent is no junior aggregation—far from it. If all goes well the Intercollegiate title ought to be clinched at Saskatoon. At Winnipeg—revenge is sweet! Last year the Alberta grid men lost at the Manitoba city 20-5. From all appearances to date the score ought to be reversed on the 12th. Even at that, Manitoba 'Varsity is nobody's ice-cream in their own back yard: a win is all that's needed, and if it's 1-0 for Alberta it will be all right.

Alberta vs. U.B.C. at Vancouver

If the Green and Gold capture the Western Intercollegiate title, they will in all probability journey west to meet the University of British Columbia representatives, champions of the Big Four League there, for the collegiate championship of the Greater West. The invitation has been extended to the local team by the U. B. C. team's management, and it calls for two games on Wednesday, November 17 and Saturday, the 21st. These dates meant too long a stay at the coast city and the authorities here have wired that the dates be changed to November 17 and 19, hoping that this will meet with their approval. As things now stand it looks as if Alberta would play

MONTCALM SUJET DE CONFERENCE

M. Gibbs Parle au Premier Reunion Du Cercle Français

Le premier reunion du Cercle Français eut lieu hier dans la salle 212 du faculté des lettres. La salle était toute remplie car plus de soixante-dix personnes étaient présentes. On a servi le thé à 4.30. Alors, M. Pelluet, le président prit la parole. Après, Mlle. Sestrap, le secrétaire, a lu les notes de la dernière session. Alors on a élu Mlle. Elsie Young vice-président. L'applaudissement était furieux. Enfin on a présenté M. Gibbs, le conférencier du jour. M. Gibbs a donné une adresse, toujours très intéressante, très souvent amusante, au sujet du Marquis de Montcalm.

Il a commencé en parlant de la place de Montcalm dans l'histoire Canadienne-Française et dans les cœurs du peuple. Alors il a parlé des conditions au Canada quand Montcalm y était venu. Il a mentionné brièvement la vie des paysans, la caractéristique des Indiens, et la gouvernance à cet époque. Puis il a parlé des luttes de Montcalm contre les coutumes barbares des Indiens et contre l'avarice de Vaudreuil, le Gouverneur, et de Bigot l'intendant. Il a raconté l'histoire de la bataille sur les plaines d'Abraham, du siège de Québec, et de la mort de Montcalm. Il a fini en répétant l'importance de la place tenue par Montcalm dans l'histoire de notre pays.

Après ce discours excellent on a voté à M. Gibbs des remerciements. Alors la reunion s'est ajournée. (Tous les nouveaux étudiants qui désirent se joindre au Cercle Français devraient s'adresser à Mlle. Sestrap ou Mlle. Young.)

U. B. C. on the latter dates. The Blue and Gold boast the strongest Canadian rugby team on the coast; just how strong that is remains to be seen. They have played five games and have not suffered a single defeat, and the opposition in the league was stiff, especially that provided by the Vancouver City team. It looks as if they will have plenty of opposition on the 17th and 19th.

Who Goes to Manitoba

Last Saturday's game at Calgary was fortunately fairly free from serious injuries. The most serious was received by Bob Frittle, who twisted his knee so badly that he will not be back for some time. His loss will be keenly felt, as he was a valuable addition to the backfield. Bruce Brown suffered a slight mishap at Calgary, but he is all set for the trip.

Otherwise the team is intact and rearin' to go.

No definite lineup has yet been given forth by Coach Sterling, but the team will be selected from the following men:

Halves—Hess, Timothy, Runge, Shandro, MacKenzie, MacDougal, McLean, Hill.
Quarter—Driscoll.
Snap—Hall.
Insides—Siebert, E. O'Brien, Thompson.
Middles—Barnett, Brown, Huxley, Menzies, McCallum.
Ends—Hutton, Hayes, Wilson, Pearlman, Herron, Hunter, Ross.

VENGEANCE TAKEN ON COLLEGE JUDAS

Long Arm of Retribution Deals Justice to Betrayer of Comrades

All great events have sequels. The thrilling abduction reported last week according to rule had perforce to provide one. This is it.

Further activities in the abduction and general banditry line were smothered in their infancy by the presence of a Judas in camp. This low-spirited citizen—who can undoubtedly trace his ancestry without a gap not to the somewhat noble gorilla, or even the lively ape, but to one of those grotesque baboons whom nature provides with a highly colored cushion—this low-spirited minuscule performed that act known in Boston as "overturning the legumes," and in England as "releasing the feline." Some punishment was due to such a Benedict Arnold, and it was handed out.

It was a balmy evening, and the cur (we'll call him Judas) was called away to a medical inspection. Having searched for the inspector in vain, he returned hurriedly to his den, suspecting all manner of foul things. As he approached the Monastic Manse, he observed a bright light shedding its radiance from afar. Below this light was—horror!—his virgin couch, sheets flapping to the breeze, untempered except to the shorn lambs, while gathered round in silent groups of statuary were the other articles of his menage, his bookcase, dresser and what-not—especially his what-not. This was a cruel shock. Down the furrowed cheeks of Judas crept a tear; his face, normally accustomed to registering only low cunning, now registered what in humans we might term anguish, nay perhaps even a restrained sense of ire. How in the name of Judas had this room been elevated? He had his key in his pocket, his door and window were both securely locked. Moreover, the only door to the roof was on the opposite side of the high central gable which you will notice on the Vatican. Judas, however, was incapable of thought, not abnormally, and wasted little time in vain conjecture as to the method of transgression, but stupidly, if somewhat embittered in spirit, began the process of descension, over the high gable, through the door, and down. Bed, bookcase full of books, dresser full of clothes, table, chairs, and what-not, especially what-not.

Now, this scribe is a man of essentially curious mind, almost femininely curious, so he had to solve the mystery. Without emulating Sherlock Holmes, or Dr. Watson, who invariably ruin a mystery by explaining how they found the solution, the scribe will clear up the mental fog, dissipate the clouds and let the light of Pure Reason and Truth in through the curtains of the soul.

Entry through the transom of several Alpine work on the roof. Stout ropes, stout hearts, stout muscles. Coordination of hand and brain, the swiftness of the hand deceives the eye and we hope to God the rope won't bust. Through the window she goes, bed, in sections, bookcase full of books, dresser full of clothes, table, chairs, and what-not, especially the what-not. And why not? What?

(This is the second of a series of articles by Handiways dealing with portentous pranks at the Papal Palace. Next will follow in an early issue.)

PRINCETON BOARD TO REVIEW FILMS

Purpose is to Obtain True Picture of Undergraduate Life in Universities

The first real college board of supervisors in motion pictures was recently appointed by Princeton University.

When Paramount asked permission to use the college campus for the purposes of filming exteriors for Charles (Buddy) Rogers' first starring picture, "Varsity," university authorities appointed a committee of three to work with the Paramount officials.

Dean of the college, Christian Gauss; professor of drama, Dr. Donald Clive Stuart, and Alexander Leitch, '24, worked with Director Frank Tuttle and the author, Wells Root, in order to obtain a true picture of undergraduate life at the fourth oldest institution of learning in the United States.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

The annual Memorial Service will be held in Convocation Hall on Sunday, November 11. This significant ceremony, which centres about the Memorial Organ, constitutes the University's remembrance of her heroic dead. President Wallace will unveil the Roll of Honor comprising the names of University men who served their country during the years 1914-1918. The C. O. T. C. will parade to the service, which is to commence punctually at 10:30 a.m.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU FAVOR A STUDENTS' DISCIPLINARY BODY MODELLED AFTER THE HOUSE COMMITTEE FUNCTIONING IN THE RESIDENCES?

Jean Munro, Arts '29: Being very conservative, I don't believe in radical changes such as this would mean. In an atmosphere of professional formality it is not so embarrassing to pass judgment on your friend as it would be in an informal court.

William Odynski, Arts '32: I think that it's quite all right in that it would tend to get into the heart of the trouble quickly and have the matter over with.

P. A. Field, Sci. '32: No! Judging by the number of "drunks" at the Saturday night dances, I would favour something more drastic.

Leyda Sestrap, Arts and Med. '33: Don't joke about a solemn subject. Margaret Calder, Arts '30: It would save a great deal of the Law students' time and energy if a small committee functioned. We would then get better and longer speeches from them at other meetings.

Nick Melynk, Sci. '29: Yes, but would not do away with the Students' Court as it is, till such was modelled.

Elsie Young, Arts '30: Couldn't I talk it over with Eric first?

Margaret MacFarlane, H.E.C. '29: Informal procedure seems best for dealing with any disciplinary problems at all likely to rise in the student body.

Roger A. McKee, Arts '31: No; because we might all be subjected to inane rules similar to those in force now at Pembina.

O. R. Wray, Sci. '32: I would regard it as a very good idea, but not feasible; for the personal element would be too much considered.

Reg. Hart, Med. '33: It would be fine if it functioned.



THE GATEWAY

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Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026.
 Editor-in-Chief M. H. Halton
 Associate Editor K. Conibear
 Managing Editor H. H. Hutton
 News Editor Lawrence Alexander
 Sports Editor Hugh Morrison
 Women's Editor Leyda Sestrap
 Exchange Editor Mona Macleod

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager V. I. MacLaren
 Advertising Manager C. F. Bogart
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THE STUDENTS' COURT

At last Friday's Union meeting the Students' Court as it now stands was abolished, and the proposed new form was not accepted. It was decided to leave the settlement until the next meeting.

There were two main defects with the Court as it existed until its abolition. The first was that the handling of the small cases which came before it for settlement were subject to an incongruous system of legal procedure which dealt with such petty matters as smoking in the halls and leaving Pembina at 10:31 p.m. instead of 10:30, in the same way that major offenses were dealt with. This fact gave the whole Students' Court system a farcical appearance which was far from conducive to respect or efficiency.

The second main weakness of the Court lay in the fact that students were averse to laying small charges against their fellow students, making it necessary for the charges to be laid by—as a rule—the Provost or the Dean of Women—who never appeared personally in the Court as the complainant. The result was the production of a maze of technicalities which made the satisfactory judgment of a case a very difficult matter. Consequently, a halt was called, by the abolition of the Court last Friday.

The latter difficulty would appear very difficult to eradicate to the entire satisfaction of both the authorities and students. It is highly improbable that the Provost would desire to personally prosecute and punish students who were guilty of minor offenses. Not only would such a state of affairs be out of the question as far as the Provost is concerned, but they would also be very distasteful to the students themselves, and would lower our University justice to the status of high school discipline.

There is not, however, the same difficulty with the first objection to the Students' Court. By merely copying our Provincial or Federal judicial systems we could eliminate most, if not all, of the difficulties as to routine and red tape. A subordinate Magistrates' Court could be established. Such a court to be composed of a Student Union prosecutor, a sheriff and a magistrate. All minor offences could be handled summarily in this court with a maximum of efficiency and minimum of red tape or publicity. More important cases, however, would still come under the jurisdiction of the Students' Court proper as it is at present constituted.

While it must be admitted that the present court has defects in organization, nevertheless it must also be admitted that in it a student gets a fair trial, and on the whole, in all cases of major importance, the court has functioned efficiently and satisfactorily in the past.

In view of the impossibility of completely satisfying all parties concerned, or of finally settling the question, this attitude of compromise seems the first logical step to take, and it is to be hoped that some such scheme will find favor in the eyes of the undergraduates.

A DIFFERENT QUESTION

Once more a rugby team from Varsity has administered a severe defeat to a team from Calgary. Once more a group of men whose business is for the present years one that demands that they stay indoors most of their day, have defeated in a game, than which none calls for a greater exercise of muscle and sinew, a group of men whose active lives are spent largely outdoors.

Of however little direct value this victory may have for Varsity, giving as it does no greater opportunity to win any coveted trophy or title, it nevertheless affords a valuable proof of the superiority of brain over brawn, and a vivid warning of what may happen when brain next meets brain. For, granted that the teams were approximately equal in weight, Calgary had, or should have been able to have, a distinct superiority over the students in physical vigour. Which being so, Varsity must have been decidedly more brilliant or better trained than their less studious opponents. Thus from lesson one we conclude that the Green and Gold was victorious because its plays and individual work were more clever and better executed than those of the Yellow and Black.

On the other hand, lesson number two urges that Varsity beware in its next two games, when it will be forced to meet brains with brains, well-combined plays with well-combined plays. True that its team has already beaten those of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. True that the brilliance and training of the Alberta men has proved once to excel the brilliance and training of the men of either of the other two provinces in the league. But when it is a question of intelligence pitted against intelligence strange things, as has been so often proved in chess, may be the outcome.

DOORS

Many devices, expressly invented for the convenience of mankind, often turn out to be nuisances. Consider the door, for instance:

There is the swinging door. How many noses have been broken or eyes blackened by doors that have been made to swing suddenly in the wrong direction? Yet these same doors have afforded convenient excuses for bibbling husbands who must greet their spouses on the morning after with the scars of battle on their faces. Then there is the revolving door, the bugbear of all country folk who enter the post-office only to find themselves on the street again at the end of a meagre revolution.

But we have many such inconvenient doors on the



Social items from the Sugarville Shouter:

A button was found in the collection box at church last Sunday. Looks like it came off a brown suit, and will be returned to owner on receipt of usual weekly nickel.

Jed Brown was fined for driving thirty-five miles an hour the other day. He has since been soaked an additional fine of five dollars for bragging about it.

Mr. Sam Frenz, town druggist, and family returned from Europe last week. In the interests of those who have not heard about the trip, Sam is keeping his mornings at the store free, and is offering an ice cream soda as an inducement to anyone who will listen.

A delightful wedding was held yesterday, when Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mac-Snuffery, was united in marriage to John, tightwad son of old Harry Scruggs.

The bride, in a drunken stupor, came in on the arm of her father, who was staggering blindly. Her mother wore a beautiful ensemble of black velvet, with bloomers to match. The groom was supported by his half-wit brother—and well he needed support. He made flagrant love to the bridesmaids, who carried lovely bouquets of cabbage leaves, carrots and potato tops.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hov Freely, whose pre-war breath enchanted all within range. He referred in glowing tones to the previous purple history of the bride, pointing out also that the groom's experiences in Calgary last year would make him a fit husband for her. Some more of old Scruggs' liquor was then passed around, after which the whole outfit repaired to Mac-Snuffery's for a real drunk and a farewell game of strip poker.

Dear Cass (admirably): How in the world do you make up all your jokes?—Co-Ed.

Dear Co-Ed: Oh, we just sit down and laugh, and then think backwards.

"Has your brother come back from college yet?"
 "I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

Freshette—Don't; you can't kiss me now—mother is in the next room."

Senior—Can't she wait?

One Stude—Is your room-mate a broadminded chap?

Another—Say, that's all he thinks about.

"What makes the world go round and round, pop?"

"Oscar, how many times have I told you to keep out of the cellar?"

More things we learned at Varsity:

That girls will be girls (with boys).

That catch-as-catch-can is not necessarily a professional wrestling term.

That one can hardly feel feeling strongly over the student body—whenever the opportunity presents itself.

That it's the 'ell in love which makes it repetitiously interesting.

That Sophomores preparing for a party resemble Scotchmen—they never will part from a scent.

That they aren't personally enthusiastic over the Biblical abjuration, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

That when better Varsity girls are made, Varsity men will "make" them.

That a "model" girl isn't one you can try things on with impunity.

That gentlemen prefer bonds.

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver)—Did you get his number?

Victim—No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere.

Parson—Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?

Deacon (awakening from sound sleep)—Lead yourself—I just dealt.

What's the use of writing any more? You'd only laugh at it.

campus, although they are all of orthodox structure: There is the rear door to the Medical Building—or, rather, half a rear door, for the other half is never used. It is laughable to watch a few hundred students, at each hour of the day, trying to pass through this one tiny opening, a hundred going in, and a hundred coming out, each gentleman trying to be polite to each lady, and everyone striving to negotiate the narrow pass in time to meet impending lectures.

Then there are the south entrances to the Arts Building. It is always locked after 7 p.m., just when its convenience would be better appreciated. On a blustering winter's night the distance from the south corner to the centre door of the building is a long and daunting prospect. How much more comfortable to slip in at the south door and walk along the warm corridors. Each evening industrious law students descend from their library by the south staircase and, instead of going directly out, make a long detour to the main entrance, and retrace their steps outside arriving directly beneath their starting point long after they started. Some law students are beginning to compare the tedium of this unnecessary detour with the probable convenience of merely jumping out of the library window. (Although temptation is strong, we shall not say that this latter mode of exit might, if practised with sufficient abandon, prove of unending satisfaction to students of other faculties.)

But we must be careful with our doors. With all these naughty robbers around, it is not advisable to leave our south doors open after seven o'clock.

Yes, doors are funny things; but, like policemen, they have departed from and have exceeded their original duty.

—E. M. J.



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

University of Alberta,
 Nov. 4, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

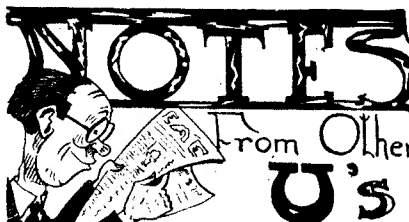
Dear Sir,—May I, through your columns, call the attention of the students to a matter which, though in itself petty, has at times driven me to a state bordering on the most rabid misanthropy? It is so small that I feel somewhat ashamed in bringing it up, but I will do so anyway, in the hope that I and others may be saved from death by apoplexy.

I am a busy person. Every minute of my time is valuable, and I never have time to loiter in the halls of the Arts Building, or amble slowly up its stairs on my way to a lecture. Yet, time after time, I find myself forced to pause behind two or three girls who, going slowly up or down the stairs, and talking garrulously to one another, are too thoughtlessly wrapped up in their own inanities to allow one of their number to step aside for me to pass. In the face of danger I can keep cool, but this—which happens several times daily—positively sends me into a whirling, all-encompassing frenzy.

The matter reached a chaotic and cataclysmic climax last Friday, when I started up to the third floor in my usual hurry. To my deep chagrin I found three girls in front of me, walking slowly, and persiflaging freely. I was patient till we reached the second floor, hoping there to evade them. But alas! they, too, were bound for the third floor! I pressed close behind them, coughed and in other ways intimated that I would like to pass. In vain. At last I went Berserk, forgot what Lerov would call the "accumulated traditions of the centuries," and burst roughly through the feminine cordon, exclaiming loudly, and with all the contemptful disgust I could summon, "My God!" Horrified, the ladies shrank back. I passed. Such from now on—begging the pardon of all who are still "gentlemen"—will be my procedure.

Thank you, sir.—Yours for Courteous Co-Eds,

BIEN FACHE.



Indistinguishable

In the talking movies
 The drama, we suppose,
 Will continue
 To be silent.

—Arkansas Gazette.

Manitoba's Story (Continued)

The latest information on the question of overcrowding is that at a lecture in Engineering or somewhere, seventeen (17) woebegone youths were forced to stand up during the lecture. Putting aside the aesthetic aspect of the question, it must be obvious to all that the University ought to do better than that by its students. The authorities often maintain that they cannot waste money on extras such as gymnasia and convocation halls, but surely classrooms are a "sine qua non" of our educational system. Our government ought to realize that even Engineers have their rights.—The Manitoban.

A recent action of the athletic board of the University of Nebraska has abolished the system of student management of athletics. Positions of management which were earned for the present season will be allowed, but will be discontinued hereafter.

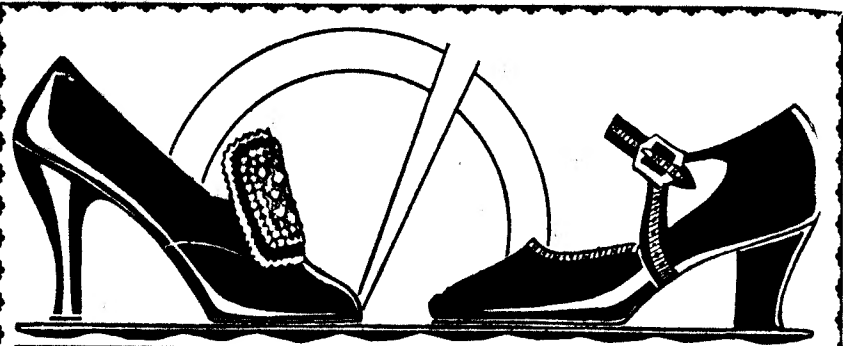
The reason for the action of the athletic board is that better responsibility and closer supervision of equipment will be possible if the managers are hired directly by the athletic department. The system of student management is used almost universally in eastern schools, but is not widely used in the west.—Varsity.

The U.B.C. also has its Pep Rally meetings. The first Canadian Pep Rally meeting for men and women was held on Friday in preparation for the big game Saturday. As students filed into the auditorium they were greeted with wild moanings from the orchestra pit. Several peppy pieces were played, and these were followed by short talks by students and certain members of the faculty. The science students (as usual) made their presence known by roars from the gallery and the shooting of paper darts. The meeting closed after a number of new yell were practised.—The Ubysey.

Big Slump in Vodka Stock

Moscow.—Several thousand school children in the provincial town of Vologda marched to the railroad shops and asked their parents to renounce drink. Many workers were touched by this appeal, gave a pledge, and the shops became the scene of a big temperance meeting.

Previously Vologda had been much afflicted by drunkenness, but the day following the appeal no case of intoxication was reported.—Christian Science Monitor.

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HONG KONG TO VANCOUVER

By H. N. May

(This article has been composed from various notes recorded in my personal log and which were made day by day during our Trans-Pacific voyage.)

We left Hong Kong on the afternoon of April 7th, 1927, and steered a north-easterly course for Miiki—our first port of call on the Japanese coast. The afternoon was dreary, and a steady rain had been falling since early morning. Not a pleasant prospect. Through the Li Moon pass we sailed, passed Cape Collinson and out to the open sea. That night the downpour increased, and the visibility became very poor indeed. The next day brought no improvement, and time after time the speed of the engines was reduced to dead slow. Towards midnight the sky cleared a little, but the gloowering clouds refused to budge. We made Miiki on Monday, April 11th, and lay out at anchor, waiting for permission to enter that port. Our tardy arrival had been due to the continuance of the rain and the poor visibility thus caused.

Women Coal Heavers

The whole of Tuesday and the most of Wednesday were spent in coaling—done by women as well as men. If the female "coal-heavers" have babies they carry them on their backs in a garment not unlike those used by the Eskimos for such a purpose. Wednesday afternoon found us again at sea en route for Kobe. Shortly after leaving port a sharp squall sprang up and soon we were shipping heavy seas. At times, however, the wind eased off for a little, when rain came in bucketsful. Soon the decks were like half tide rocks with water water hissing down the scuppers. More dangerous than high seas was the danger of collision, so perforce we had to use the fog-horn.

Drenched to the skin with icy cold rain, the third officer and I frequently had to take soundings to ascertain the ship's position. Time

and again the lead was hove in, but with no indication of the sea bottom adhering to the instrument, and it was only after very many casts that we were rewarded with any degree of success.

On the morning of Friday, the 15th, we made Kobe harbour, and that afternoon commenced to load silk for Canada. Our most important consignments consisted of silk, which is worth hundreds of dollars per bale. Saturday afternoon saw the finish, and we proceeded to Yokka Ichi, a small port where large cargoes are very seldom handled. Thus on Sunday night, after the hatches had been battened down and the locking bars screwed tight, we left for Yokohama.

After the Earthquake

The ship lay two days in that port loading silk all the time; in fact, we received so much that we broke all previous trans-Pacific records as a silk freighter. During our stay in Yokohama I noticed that many of the structures which were destroyed by earthquake a few years ago were being repaired, but there was still a very considerable amount of debris round the harbour. From the harbour entrance one can see "Fujiyama—the Peerless," and its snow-covered slopes standing out strikingly in the background.

Unlike Kobe, Yokohama does not offer the same historic interest or scenic beauties close enough for the average seafarer to enjoy. Kama-kura, which is about an hour and a half by train from the port, is noted for its statue of Buddha—the largest in existence. Tokio, the imperial city, was badly damaged by the earthquake, but appeared, when I was there, to have recovered from most of its losses. Yokohama, on the other hand, was as a city of the dead, and certainly provided neither interest nor amusement for foreigners.

Shortly after leaving port the temperature fell lower and lower, and as we sailed nearer the borders of the Bering Sea I hoped that we might see a few icebergs, for it is during the summer months that the "break-up" occurs. For days we saw nothing but sea and sky, a few birds and a large school of dolphins. During our passage frequent searches for opium were made, a drug often illicitly smuggled aboard trans-Pacific vessels.

A Month at Sea

On the eighth day out a solitary topside schooner was sighted to the northward. She appeared to be making heavy weather of it, and was forced to alter her course. I may write

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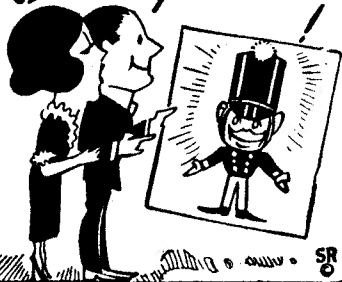
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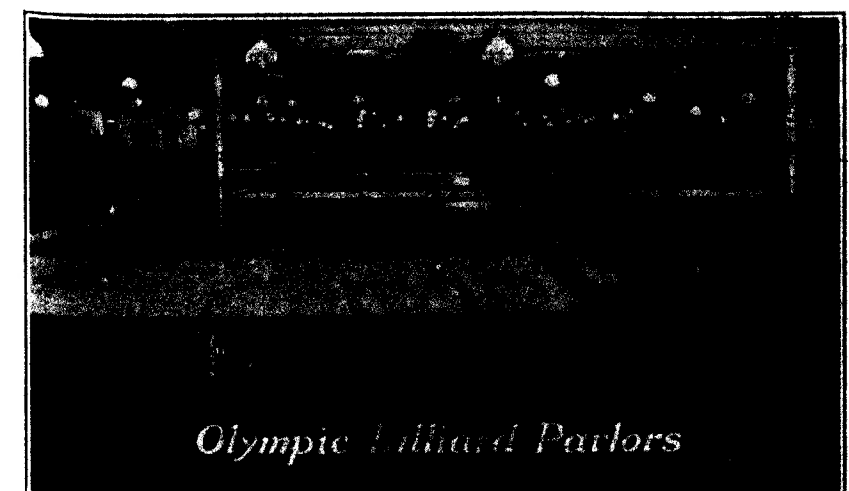
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C. E. MORRIS

that eight days is not a great length of time to be out of sight of land or of other vessels; indeed, on my previous voyage we were a month at sea without being in sight of anything at all. In sailing vessels three months is reckoned as nothing very much out of the way.

Although it was April we experienced several snowstorms, and the decks were frequently covered with a white mantle. As we neared the Canadian coast high winds sprang up, and soon we were shipping heavy seas. Huge white-crested waves came thundering aboard, soaking those who were unwary and flooding the main deck. Late at night on Sunday, the 1st of May, we could just discern the radiating beam from the lighthouse near Tutush island, at the entrance of the Juan de Fuca strait.

About three o'clock in the morning all hands were mustered for the doctor's inspection (this was at Port Townsend), and, having received pratique, we were on our way little more than an hour later. By five o'clock the ship was alongside the wharf at Victoria, and the mail from the Orient was being despatched. By eight o'clock we were bound for Vancouver.

Immediately on arrival at that port the silk hatches were uncovered and special trains waiting to carry it to and their cargoes discharged to the factories inland. Thus it only takes little more than fourteen days for the raw material to be exported from the East to the larger centres of the silk industry in the Middle-West.

In a few weeks time the author of this article will commence a series of yarns largely based on incidents experienced whilst serving aboard the ships *Atrius* and *Elpenor*—until then he is going to pipe down and go below.

The Sow's Ear

(The Column with a Conscience)

We feel that it is time that a stop was put to the scurrilous mouthings of our notorious contemporary, the *Pig's Eye*, who never evades an opportunity to wallow in mental morbidity or to fling obscene ooze at our noble institutions. While we wish to conduct our paper with the restraint and dignity appropriate to journalism, we feel that the moment has struck when we must show this nauseating rag that there is a difference between liberty and license, that there are noble traditions around this University which a mere reference from his pen would befoul, that there are certain chords of the human heart—

This time it is the Arts hike which we must defend. As Livy so touchingly puts it, "Aqua pura, kilor cura," which for our illiterate contemporary's benefit we will translate, "A wink's as good as a nod to a pure mind." We know not what haunts of vice have besmirched the infinitesimal mind of our contemporary, what sinks of iniquity his coarse nature has explored—nay further, we care not! But, in the name of all that's sacred to our Institution, in the name of that British Liberty which is our boast and our pride, let him beware how he attacks us, or we opine that that spirit which has made the British Lion the Queen of the Seas, and upon whom the Sun never Sets, will be aroused in all its cold fury against him. Let him heed the warning! Pish and Tush to him and his "necking party," say we.

We must also repudiate and verbally scourge our loathed contemporary's "sub rosa" attack on noted personages of The Gateway staff. Let him name their names. If he can be so base as to cast the unkind jibe, the heartless quip, at one of the staff who has been humbled to the dust by an unworthy woman, let him come out like a man and speak forth. A truce to innuendoes, say we.

To turn our mind to much higher things, we wish to comment very favorably on the rising poets of this institution. Some of them are being frequently and intimately visited by the Muse Terpsichore (God of Poetry) and we predict great things for them. Our town may be small, but remember, boys, Shakespeare was from even a smaller town, so you have even better chances. We are publishing one very affecting ballad herewith, which, we trust and opine, contains quite some inspiration. It reflects the modern spirit, the Genius of our Era.

Ode to Dorothea
Twinkle, twinkle, eyes of Dot!
Say! Your owner's not so hot.
She'll say this is Tommy-rot.
But it's not! So there! Eh what?
—AREOPERIMETER (Ye ed.)

Problems of Life

By M.

Life is full of problems. They beset us, in one form or another, from morning till night, and no matter where we turn in the course of a day, there they are.

When we first awake in the morning, we are faced with the problem of what to wear, and this is truly a difficult one; we have known some people to lie in bed for half an hour after they awake, turning this over in their minds, and of course the larger and more varied the wardrobe the more perplexing is the problem. Having settled this question, we have to decide when to get up, shall we stay in bed until the last possible moment, or shall we arise and have breakfast before our eight-thirty?

And so it goes all through the day. If we have nothing else we always have the economic problem: how should we spend our money so as to obtain from a given sum the greatest possible benefit? Should we go to Tuck in our next spare or should we

AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By O. R. Wray

Scene: Central Asia.

Time: Very Paleolithic.

Meet Primo, the nearest thing to ape that the world has ever seen, but not quite. Primo seems a little piqued about something. It appears that he has been waiting for Prima for a little longer than usual, and she hasn't arrived as yet. Hence the vexation. Prima isn't his wife, but if they had known anything of such details at that time she would have been. Presently Prima arrives—but not alone. Escorting her is another superb specimen of Neanderthalic humanity. Naturally Primo regards him with a jaundiced eye, and finally his volatile nature prompts him to go to extremes.

Modesty compels us to draw the curtain over the ghastly details of what ensued. Suffice it is to say that Primo won. That night, having suitably chastised Prima in the meantime, Primo is crouching by his cave fire, still highly elated at the recent victory over his rival. Suddenly it dawns on him that he had better not give Prima any chance to forget this salutary lesson. So he prowls around the cave and digs up his best stone chisel, secures a handy rock and makes a vivid pictorial representation of the salient features of the day's tussle on the walls of the cave, where all might see, and know. And that is how History first came to be.

Scene: This same old world.

Time: That crucial point where men have almost become electrical automatons.

Jack is sore at Jill. No fooling either. Jill isn't Jack's wife, but she would be if that were at all necessary in these times. And Jack is downright peeved because Jill for the last few days has been running

The PIG'S EYE



With that splendid disregard of pressing financial difficulties which has marked our meteoric career, we went to see "Rose Marie." We regret that we must disappoint the many who wait with bated breath for our criticism. We have formed no definite opinion as yet.

We really cannot be judged too harshly in this regard, as we did not see the stage for some considerable time after the curtain went up. This unhappy state of affairs was due to the fact that at least five hundred and thirty-two people and a half passed down the aisle and groped for seats in front of us. The descendants of the foolish virgins, no doubt. Finally when the wandering Jews had found their seats and the lady in front of us had removed her hat, we managed to peer around a pillar and there it was! Or, there they were! Please yourself.

We liked the chorus ladies, especially the half-breeds. If there were more such half-breeds there would be more half-breeds. They were undoubtedly an improvement on the original type. Thank you! Mr. Jones. Sorry we cannot use your reminiscences here.

Of the rest of the show we have little to say. The totem dance was excellent. We would have liked to have had more of the male chorus. The comedian was certainly not inferior to any member of the cast. There we cease. We did not like the show as well as "No, No, Nanette," and certainly not as well as "The Student Prince." Maybe we're getting old and crabby, but that's the way it struck us.

We regret that we cannot be present for the debate on companionate marriage. We have always been interested in marriage. It makes things so homelike. We have no doubt that there will be a large attendance. As one lady of note remarked, "Who is more interested in marriage than a woman?" She should have said "co-ed." But that is aside from the question.

We have never formed very definite opinions about companionate marriage. We have always felt that the struggle was hopeless in any case. All the rights man now has is to pay taxes and die. Changing the form of the fetters won't make much difference.

Of course it is claimed that marriage is a man-made custom to protect his property. That may be true. Certainly fidelity was never a female trait until man beat it into his helpmeet. Now that woman has found that man is weak-kneed enough to give in on any point if only the attack be carried far enough, it won't be long until we'll be out wheeling baby carriages and holding Junior Leagues and things. But there is certainly one thing we won't do, and that is have our vests cut by a dress-maker.

There are still obdurate beings who cannot see the value of co-education. We confess that we are one of them. Why a university should be cluttered up with women when there is such desperate need of higher education for men we cannot see. Perhaps we never shall.

—H. D. S.

save our money for the Saturday night dance? Should we buy that history text or depend upon borrowing one from somebody else? (The economic question can be settled in only two ways: either have so much money that the difficult question is not how to dispose of it, but how to

(Continued on page six)

skirts, and they looked too darn—effeminate. When we got to that place where you go through the fence, Bill handed me his junk while he solicitously assisted Dot over the wire and he forgot to take it back for half a mile. Then when we arrived, the wind blew Marge's beautiful tresses, which are all of ten inches long, all over her face so the boys put her on the cozy side of the biggest tree, while poor me with my scanty locks was on the end, where the wind blew down my neck and I couldn't see the fire for Bill's feet. Duggone these womanly women, anyway!"

"Yes," I agreed, "things have certainly changed since the good old times when we were fresh. Look at Pam Warner; she came in with the slickest boyish bob in captivity, and a shape to match. Now she's actually going in for curves, her hair is put back on, and after supper at the Soph I saw her refuse a cigarette. The girl's degenerating."

"Speaking of the Soph, did you notice Susan's dress? A year ago that child was alarming the dowagers by an untoward exhibition of rolled sock. Now she's got ruffles to her ankle and looks like something out of Dickens. Gone are the days when the co-ed who made the biggest hit was the one who looked most like her kid brother. 'Way back in '23, when I parted with my hank of hair, I exulted in emancipated womanhood. These impenetrable, said I, these darned ruffles, and curls and pesky skirts, are man-made shackles to entrap us. Now we have shaken them off and are free. We will walk the world unhampered by those badges of inferiority and helplessness. And now—look at them getting helped through fences!"

Thus Robbie spoke her wrath, and having spoken, subsided. I sat lost in thought, meditating the sad fate of modern womanhood, whose hard won independence seemed thus being insidiously undermined. "Was it," I wondered, "so firmly grounded as to withstand the onslaught of dress-makers and permanent waves?" Roberta, the rebel and emancipated one, had wandered to the looking-glass. Carefully she scrutinized her rumpled, shirt-waisted person, then anxiously regarded her uncompromising profile.

In silence I awaited the result of these manoeuvres. "Angel-face," she said slowly, "do you think I'd be beautiful if my hair grew out?"

—Y.

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SPORTS



Cowtown Huskies Are Docile Before Green and Gold Attack

Calgary Pussies Purr for Varsity Pups—Students Play Sound Rugby and Smash Calgary Tigers in Brilliant Victory—Hess Again Shines

(By S. G. MacDonald, M.A., LL.B.)

Uncorking a speedy brand of teamwork coupled with a number of brilliant individual efforts which brought great results, the Varsity machine gave 2,000 excited fans something "to write home about" in the best exhibition of the fall pastime to be seen on a local field since the days of Jimmy Bill's championship team of 1925. Except for one or two slight lapses the Varsity team showed the results of careful training and strenuous practices. Every man on the squad played a bang-up game, while the kicking and plunging of Hess, the broken field running of Timothy and the hard bucking of Bruce Brown featured the Varsity game.

Good Game to Watch

It was a great game to watch, for each side had its little bits of hard luck, which usually were costly, and its flashes of brilliance with the Varsity squad clearly in the van. It seemed that every old grad who could hobble found a place along the sidelines or in the stands of Hillhurst Park, and, strangely enough, whenever someone started a Varsity yell each was able to join in the old Varsity stand-by. Someone in the knowledge factory must have felt the need of the great open spaces, for it seemed that about a Pullman carload of old familiar faces were draped around various objects cheering

lustily, and adding to the colorfulness of the occasion.

75 Yards on Two Plays

While there were many smart bits of work performed, probably the trick play in the first quarter which allowed Ken MacKenzie to break through center for a nice thirty yards, followed by one of the finest bits of broken field running seen in many moons of Freddie Hess, who dodged, slipped, sidestepped and dived his way through the entire Tiger team for 45 yards to score a touchdown, was the highlight of the game. In this great run Hess shows that he has developed the side-step and straight-arm which reminded many of the grads of the open field running of Dunc McNeill. Coupled with this nice piece of work Fred had his educated toe working to a T, and time after time beautiful spirals ranging from 45 to 60 yards soared over the field, causing the Tigers no little worry, as they always lost about 20 yards on the exchanges. There is no doubt about Alberta's chances of winning the Hardy Cup as long as Fred can boot them and his line holds so magnificently for him.

Tiger Stars

For the Tigers the work of McLeod in the backfield and Gideon, the dusky gent, on end stood out. Bill often with no line to make a hole for him tore off yards, and near the end of the game skirted the Varsity left end for a nice 20 yard run for a touch, being one of the two earned in the game, Fred getting the other with his beautiful run in the first quarter. Gideon played a steady game, and although Coach Wally Sterling always had two men out to watch him, he usually managed to elude them, and nailed the Varsity backfield with a sickening regularity. Near the end of the game he was given the ball to carry, and in two successive downs made yards.

The refereeing was not all that could be desired, but this seems to be a failing of referees not to please all of the cash customers or the players, and as there were no fatal results to the only team on the field—(do I have to name it?)—maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it.

Page Coach Sterling

The Sporting Editor indicated that your reporter's verbosity was not to exceed 1,000 words, so that if he is

to curtail his desire to tell you all about some of the beautiful plays that were executed in detail it is necessary that he should have several very large volumes within which to write. Suffice to say, it was a great game played by a good team and coached by a real coach. Regarding the latter, many of your old grads hope that the University generally will, if it has not already done so, realize speedily that in Wally Sterling Alberta has an outstanding coach, and one in whom the students at large should place all their confidence, for he will bring championship teams and great credit in every way to Alberta.

First Quarter

Tigers kick off to Timothy behind the touchline, who is rouged by Gideon before he could run the ball out. Tigers 1 point. The ball is now on Alberta's 25 yard line, and Hess kicks a beautiful spiral to Henderson for 45 yards, who is downed in his tracks. On Calgary's first down Fidler gains five yards through the right. Henderson makes one yard through center. Henderson kicks over the Varsity touchline, and Gideon touches it. Calgary offside. First down Varsity on the 10 yard line. Hess makes a beautiful run of 35 yards through the Calgary centre. Varsity kicks to Henderson, who is nailed on his 20 yard line. First down Henderson makes no gain through the right. Jimmy Brown makes two yards through left. Henderson kicks to Hess, who runs the ball back 8 yards. Hess kicks first down to Jenkins, who gains 3 yards before he is downed. It was a nice piece of work, with about six Varsity tacklers all around him. Fidler gains 2 yards through the right side. Henderson tries an inside kick, and Herron almost gets the ball, which is recovered by Semkowitz. On first down Henderson fumbles, but the ball is recovered, and again fumbled by Fidler. Hall (Calgary) hurt. Wink Potter on. Hess kicks over the touchline to Henderson, who makes a nice play, running it out, but is tackled hard and drops the ball just inside the line. Barnett falls on it for a touch. Hess fails to convert. Varsity 5, Tigers 1. Calgary kicks to Timothy, who runs the ball out 10 yards. Ball now on Varsity 20 yard line. Ken MacKenzie on a fake play snakes off 30 yards through center. Hess on next play raises the fans off their seats with a beautiful broken field run of 50 yards for a touch. He does not convert. Varsity 10, Tigers 1.

Calgary kicks to Prittie, who, in reaching to get the ball throws out his knee, and the ball goes over his head. Gideon falls on it for a touch. Varsity 10, Tigers 6.

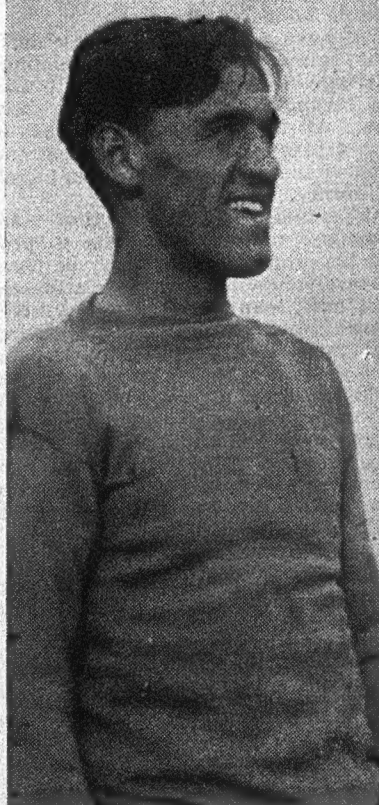
Hall kicks off for Varsity to Jenkins, who on a nice play runs the ball back 10 yards, and then passes to McLeod, who gains another yard before being downed. On a three-man end run Fidler makes a nice gain to the right of 25 yards. On next play Jenkins tries a long pass to McLeod, who does not make any gain through the left. Henderson kicks to Hess, who is downed in his tracks by Gideon.

Second Quarter

First down Hess kicks short spiral, which a Calgary back fumbles, and the ball is recovered by Varsity. Hess again kicks on the first down to Henderson over the touchline, and Henderson returns the punt to Timothy, who is nailed by a typical Gideon tackle. Hess sends over a long one to Semkowitz, who runs the ball out from behind the touchline to the 5 yard line. Calgary offside on the first down, and Henderson kicks out to the 35 yard line. On a fake kick Hess runs around the left end for 8 yards, and is brought down by Gideon. Jenkins off. Hess obliges the fans with a nice 45 yard

(Continued from page six)

PILOTS WINNERS



COACH "WALLY" STERLING

Whose fast-stepping grid aggregation leaves today for the east, with every intention of bringing home the Hardy Trophy, emblematic of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Rugby League. God speed you, merry gentle(?) men!

MEDS AGAIN WIN INTERFAC. TITLE

Although Down 6-1 at Half Time Pharmedents Rally to Win Game

The Pharmedents bucked and kicked their way to another interfaculty championship last Saturday by defeating the Ag-Scis by the score of 17-6. The game was a thriller all the way, and was the best exhibition of interfaculty rugby seen here in the last two years. Half-time saw the Ag-Scis on the heavy end of a 6-1 score and seemingly with the game cinched. However, in the last half the Meds unleashed an attack that was irresistible and turned defeat into glorious victory.

The Ag-Scis started out strong, and in a few minutes they were in position for a touch, but they failed to make their yards with 3 yards to go to the Meds line, and the Meds kicked to safety. The Ag-Scis soon worked into position again, and this time they were not to be denied, McConachie tearing over for a touch on a line buck. After this the Meds put up a little more opposition, and succeeded in breaking into the scoring with a kick to the deadline.

Meds Go Wild

After the breather the Meds went wild in their efforts to even. They bucked their way through the lighter line time after time for yards, and finally Wachna went through for the prettiest touch of the game. McLennan converted to make the score 7-6 for the Meds. The Medicals refused, however, to be satisfied with a one-point lead. In a few minutes McLennan booted one to the deadline, and followed it by a fine field goal from the 35-yard line. For good measure Hofbauer went through the whole Science team for a touch as the whistle blew. The try was converted, making the final count 17-6 for the Meds.

The Meds owe much of the credit for their victory to McLennan, Hofbauer and Nevezis. McLennan, taking Martin's place, booted out 7 of his team's points. Hofbauer and Nevezis turned in a brand of rugby seldom seen in interfaculty games. McConachie and Lynn were the pick of the losers.

Referee Scotty Brown handled the game.

The lineup was as follows: Meds—Walker, quarter; Agnew, snap; Kickam, Turner, insides; Schmaltz, Stewart, middles; Wyatt, Dobson, ends; Hofbauer, Lobson, halves; Nevezis, McLennan, halfbacks; Geissinger, McKecknie, Harrigan, Wachna, subs.

Ag-Scis—Snyder, quarter; Ross, snap; Thompson, Lees, insides; McFarlane, Gimby, middles; Hunter, Ramelson, ends; Holgate, Driscoll, halves; McConachie, Lynn, halfbacks; Duggan, Shaw, subs.

SPORTING SLANTS

The large Calgary crowd that witnessed the game on Saturday saw some rather mediocre rugby. It was Varsity's poorest exhibition of the last three starts.

But this did not prevent it being a thrilling and spectacular game. Long runs, an aerial attack by Varsity and line hammering on the part of the Calgary team were the features of the game.

Ken MacKenzie, Hess and Timothy were the big noise in the runs. Ken finding a well made hole ran the ball 30 yards. On the next down, Hess, dodging his way through a scattered Calgary team, took it 40 yards for a try. And Timothy's fifty yard run in the last quarter with one minute to go brought the crowd to its feet.

McLeod did most of Calgary's plunging—and a sweet plunger he is. He squirmed his way through for five yards any time. But the sweetest of plunging did no good. Varsity held every time Calgary was within striking distance, after which Hess kicked the ball out of danger. Such tactics took the heart out of Calgary.

Our ends turned in their best game. The consistent kicking gave them their chance. Hayes, for example, made a beautiful double tackle in midfield, and Hutton, the speed demon, downed Semkowitz from an almost impossible angle. In fact, this department tackled so hard that it knocked the ball loose for two touches.

Which introduces Barnett! Bending over like a snapped jack-knife, he scooped up one of these loose balls, rose into a crouch and carried it three yards for a try. Later he fell on a second one behind Calgary's touchline and raised his contribution to 10.

Of the Pharmedent victory on Saturday one incident will long be remembered: Mike Hofbauer's memorable run, breathless and pantless, for the last touch of the game.

Again another tennis title changes hands, and again a new student captures the honours. This time Vada McMahon won the final by default from Ursula McLatchie, having previously defeated Kay Howes, last year's champion, 6-2, 6-3.

INTERCOLLEGIATE RUGBY STANDING

	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.	Pct.
University of Alberta	2	2	0	28	7	4	1.000
University of Saskatchewan	3	1	2	16	25	2	.333
University of Manitoba	3	1	2	23	35	2	.333

NEXT GAMES: ALBERTA AT SASKATCHEWAN, SATURDAY, NOV. 10. ALBERTA AT MANITOBA, THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 12.

SOCCER TEAM BEAT NORMAL

Second Victory for Senior Boys—Aggies Winning in Interfaculty Soccer

On a certain dark and cold night last week, a group of fearless warriors from the U. of A. ventured into enemy territory and returned with another scalp to add to the growing collection. The Edmonton Normal School were the victims in the fracas, and Varsity's Soccer Team the victors. Thursday night's game was the second in which the Alberta boys had demonstrated their superiority over the Normalites at the good old game, and they did it on this occasion by a score of 3-0. Despite the aforementioned handicaps of dark and cold, the game was a good one. Both teams exerted themselves to the limit, but the embryo teachers did not have the push necessary to make their offensive successful, and as a result failed to score. Close checking on the part of both teams kept the scoreboard empty until nearly the end of the struggle. It was well on in the second half when Manson broke into the scoring and brought Varsity two tallies in quick succession on neat cross-plays from the right wing. Just before the final whistle Peto added another, bringing the final score to 3-0.

Interfaculty Soccer

While the senior team has been winning laurels abroad, four interfaculty teams have been battling it out at home for the championship of the campus. It is heartening to observe that whereas there were only three half-hearted teams playing interfaculty soccer last year, this year there are four teams and each has plenty of men trying for berths. Aggies and Science have a team each, Arts-Com-Law is the third, and the last (but not least) is the amalgamation of Pharmedents and Theologs.

The Aggies hold to date an unbeaten record, and will likely emerge victorious when the League ends on Friday afternoon. Scores of the games already played are:

Aggies 1, Science 0.
Pharmedent-Theologs 2, Arts-Com-Law 0.
Aggies 2, Pharmedents 0.
Arts-Com-Law 1, Science 1.

The League winds up this week with Science meeting Pharmedents on Wednesday, and then Aggies locking horns with Arts on Friday. Watch for the winners!

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GOLFING FINALS TO BE DECIDED

Faculty Golf Competition Now in Final Stages—A. W. Matthews vs. J. McDonald

D. E. Cameron 2
J. McDonald 5
J. McDonald 5
A. W. Matthews 0

In the Faculty Golf Competition D. E. Cameron defeated Geo. H. Steer, last year's champion, on the twenty-first hole to enter the semi-finals. There he met J. McDonald, and went down to defeat, losing his match 2 and 1. In the lower half of the draw Whit Matthews defeated A. E. Cameron, and now he meets J. McDonald in the finals of the competition. Matthews is the runner-up for the Mayfair championship, and his chances of becoming this year's Faculty champion seem particularly promising. He will have to give his opponent five strokes, however, and the match will probably be a keen contest. There were 68 entries in the competition this year, and although they were rather slow in starting, they have come through in fine style, and before the end of the week the championship will have been decided.



Damon—
"What was the matter with Professor Henry this morning? I've never seen him so peeved. He seemed to be boiling over."

Pythias—
"Boiling over is good. He was. Didn't you notice why? The old boy had mislaid his Eldorado pencil."

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ON LETTERS FROM HOME

By K.

There's a throb in my heart
And a lump in my throat
As I look at the art
Of the letter they wrote.
(Old Folk-song)

The tale has often been told, and is ever new in the telling, of the college lad that by a slightly too lavish expenditure of his remittance has got into difficulties, and is extricated by an unexpected monetary gift from home—saved from disgrace in the eyes of his friends. But how often has the more touching story been told of the youth that by a slight relaxation in his moral ideals has started to wander from the road of worth and honor, and is called back by an unlooked-for word of advice from home—saved from disgrace in the eyes of his better self?

Nature or the contrivance of man affords no example comparable in its lasting effect to letters from home. One explosion due to the combustion of gasoline and oxygen in the cylinder of an engine forces the shaft to spin, and when its effect is partly lost another occurs, to be followed in turn by another; so the shaft is kept rotating; but when the explosions cease the shaft shortly stops. One wave of light speeding from the sun falls on land and sea, and when its work is done another follows, and another, and another; so the universe is kept lighted; but when these waves fail to reach it darkness is on the face of the earth. One twist of the sailor's hand puts the ship back into her course, and when she wavers off again another follows, and, when need be, another; so the mighty mass is kept true to her furrowed path; but when these twists of her controller's hand cease, the waves and the winds work their will with her. Even so it is that one letter from home pours its warmth into the heart of the young man, and, when the sweet vision of the nobility of life is fading in him, mayhap another comes, and, in good time, yet another; so, though surrounded and beleaguered with all trials and temptations, he holds steadily to the truth, to worth, and to honour; but, when the sad day comes that these letters cease they grow not cold with their writer's hand. The explosion of gasoline and oxygen, the ray of light, and the turn of the wheel do their work and are done; but the

feeling words of the letter live through and, it may well be, beyond life; they are of "that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment."

At all times are letters from home welcome, but most so when they finally end in us a dispute, in which expediency and honour vied to persuade us; or when they recall us in however minute a trifle to the path of honor when we thought of nothing but expediency. Aware suddenly that we have nearly strayed from the way in which we have been taught to walk, we cast aside all the thoughts that have shaken our belief, and return, suppliant, to the code and the faith that has borne us through the long, past years of our existence. It may be a single word that recalls us, a single word rich with the memories of the grand old home with its atmosphere of love and charity and contented peace which early fixed itself in our hearts, there to be carried until this earth needs us no more; and at that word we kneel and pledge our hearts to that God whom we have just learnt is but the product of the imagination of a hounded people. Think not, ye scoffers, that it is weakness in a man to burst into tears at the reading of a page one word of which is richer in feeling than the two thousand together of your "Essay on the Romantic Element in Shakespeare"! Think not that it is a weakness to bow down a proud head before the Eternal Master whom a single early Jew, Moses, it is said, created as one God from many gods, and a later one, Spinoza, called "a being absolutely infinite"! The tears that are wept fall for, and the prayers that are uttered rise to, the purest part of human life—noble ideals instilled in childhood.

Pity the one to whom no such letters come! Pity the youth who has to face the dangers of different manners of living and the peril of new knowledge, without a home from which to receive regularly incentives to lead a rich and noble life!

MOONLIGHT

When the moon was shining
I went for a stroll;
Then a ghost came up and walked
with me
And it coveted my soul.

So it walked along on my right
hand—
Ever spoke soft to me;
And I turned—but its face was
hidden
So I could not see.

And I asked its purpose, well
knowing,
Yet it would not answer true,
"I come to you, lover, loving;
I wish but to walk with you."

The moon was shining eerily
From a deepened turquoise sky
Seeing two figures walking—
Lover ghost and I.

But a cloud, like a dragon figure
Over her face was drawn,
Then flew away—and I looked
And the ghost—and my soul—was
gone!

—O. R. W.

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TIME-TRAVELS

By G. N. P.

Time-travels have become as much a characteristic of our age as space-travel. Even from the dawn of the history of man thought has been in the state of constant change. The seas still divide the nations, but discovery and invention have fairly crowded the meridians together. The ease with which communications and transportation are accomplished today is in itself an incentive to a change in our ideas of both space and time. A few decades ago news travelled from county to county about as fast as we now communicate with China or the North Pole. When a message from London to Oregon is received an hour before it is sent, then we may be sure neither space nor time present the same problem of former decades.

Transportation across this wonderful globe of ours is facilitated by the use of money. Highly trained experts have solved our difficulties. We but pay for the privilege to use the result of their labours. The essential difference between the present day and the past is that the present day is beyond the reach of time. To travel back in time and live in ages which only recently historical research has added to knowledge requires more than money. Without scholarly achievement and vivid historical imagination no one could hope to live in the Athens of Pericles or among the great people who built the House of Minos at Knossos. Time-travel requires effort and ability on the part of the traveller.

In Ancient Times

Only a few decades ago people were content to live in a contemporary world. Today history travels far into a dim past bearing the torch of research to light the way for the modern scholar. The Roman era, the Etruscans, the Greeks and even Ur of the Chaldees—into the ages of bronze and stone. In our time we know far more about the history of man than any other age has ever known.

Historians and archaeologists have placed at the disposal of the time-traveller a wide range of historical periods in which he may wander at will. Every chapter in history has its bearing upon the present day. Its charm and lesson await in every page. To forget the present and journey back to the people of Florence under the Medici for example; to dress in their garments and act according to customs put down by tradition is to spend a delightful hour living a life-time in the past. Only the first stages of such a journey will be in any way dull or disinteresting. Such studies as China under the Mings, Rome in the period of Antonines or France in the age of the Grand Monarch provide fundamental truths for every age. An intimacy with the past is an invaluable requisite to our time.

The Eighteenth Century

No period seems to offer to the imagination a more fruitful study than the eighteenth century. Hundreds of scholars devote their time to this period. They live among a people whose manners and customs are easily understood and who speak as we do. Their society, their daily life and their modes of thought form an impression in the light of which we may construct a new conception of our own era. The proximity of this age is probably the reason for its intrinsic interest to time-travellers.

But the scholar who journeys

JOURNALISTIC "HOOEY"

By "N"

To be a journalist nowadays, if one is to judge by daily examples, all one has to have is a little general knowledge combined with a violent liking for introducing metaphysical ideas and irrelevant statements chosen from "popular" psychological works. Write an article on a public banquet and discuss the reaction of the chief speaker to the spilling of soup on his new suit; call him "patient, unruffled by trivial details, democratic to a degree, etc." If you do this half-way decently, you attain popularity with the editors.

Of course, the spilling of soup is not the usual front-page story, but the manner of dealing with a subject is quite similar. For example, choose any American or Canadian newspaper (the much-maligned Americans are, of course, the worst offenders), say, the flight of Amelia Earhart across the Atlantic, or Dr. Ecken's successful command of the Graf Zeppelin. Technical and important details are either dismissed as promptly as possible or are relegated to the last paragraph or two. Then, first or last, we come to the "human interest" side of the story.

Always the heroine or hero (no braver than those who have tried before, but perhaps more lucky) is described as "quiet, unassuming, modestly declaiming in a charming manner any credit for his (or her) part in the undertaking, etc." To quote another instance: "Yet Ecken was the simple-hearted Ecken of old throughout all this ovation." The "of old" creates the impression that the writer has known the great man for a somewhat lengthy period. Interesting, if true.

Candidates for public offices receive their share of adjectives and "ballyhoo." Why editors accept such statements as the following is past comprehension:

"Mr. Hoover's address was remarkably free from political bunk. . . . Then wrapped him in a bun with mustard on his skin. This narrative is done—
The dog's within.

gent. The strain may be justified if Mr. Smith is elected.
A report of a golf championship match describes how:

"Bobby (Jones) fingered his necktie before sighting his approach. . . . When Bobby begins to finger his necktie, his opponents begin to worry." The Atlanta Wizard's opponents probably have worries other than the fit of neckties when playing against him, but the psychological aspect appeals greatly to the sports writers.

Possibly a change for the better will occur, and our semi-biographic writers may give us more necessary detail and less mid-Victorian-novel sentiment. Foolish words, spoken in haste, are easily forgiven; written, they are inexcusable.

The Passing of Autumn

Grey the evening falls adown
Over hills and valleys brown;
Streaked the light that fast is dying,
Rifting through the hazes lying,
It is autumn's last farewell;
Hear we now old winter's knell.

The songbird's chirp is heard no more,
'Tis sounded on some southern shore;
The wild bee hums not o'er the flowers
Nor frequents fragrant woodland bowers;
The world has lost its garb of green
And now in sombre drab is seen.

The flying flake will soon appear
To vouch that winter-time is near.
The keen wind tells again the story
How lovely summer lost her glory.
The brook is stilled by icy breath,
And dormant lies again in death.

HAWT DAWG

He sizzled in a pot
And so they called him "hot!"
Then wrapped him in a bun
With mustard on his skin.
This narrative is done—
The dog's within.

—O. R. W.

ROSE-MARIE—AND AFTER

Said one little star to another,
"My word, look at all the people;
where can they have been, brother?"

"At the theatre, sister. Rose-Marie is being played. As a matter of fact, I peeped in on them not more than a half-hour ago. Sure enough there was the usual crowd up high, high, high, nearly reaching the heavens. You must remember that this is Saturday night, the night of freedom for the young of the people, even those which toil long hours over their books and live in the plain drab red buildings on the high south bank of the river. We together have often watched them working so very hard, staring hour after hour at a page of black and white, now and again rousing themselves to turn this over and gaze upon the reverse side. Would that we were privileged to watch them in the daylight!"

"But, brother, look at those two maidens alone. Surely Master Sun of their little universe does not permit them to wander so far alone."

"Let us dim ourselves, sister mine, and trail these fair damsels home. Methinks they are already much later than the time allowed them."

Quite unaware of our following, my companion and I went on.

"Yes, indeed, it was an exceedingly pretty thing."

"But anything of that nature always leaves one with a feeling of discontent," said my companion, "a feeling that—"

"Yes, yes, I wonder if that is our car waiting at the corner. Oh, no, it is a blue and white. You know we Pembinites must hurry straight home or that little book in the doorway might grow cold. Ah! the next one is our car. Hurry!"

Said big brother star to little sister star: "So, you see, 'tis as I told you."

"But, brother, look how the people push and crowd each other in that queer contraption which moves by itself; isn't there any more than the one; and who is that stern, commanding figure in blue who stands at the front and counts the people as they enter and keeps saying,

through lands and peoples of history is essentially a man of our own world. He possesses a clear understanding of human problems, for his research has equipped him with the historical rise and fall of great problems which bear a similar relation to those of today. The time-traveller is able to meet such people as Dr. Johnson, Pope, Gray and Cowper. He enjoys with them their home-life, their pleasures, occupations and discussions. He may observe their quaint homes with carved furniture and large beautiful pictures or find himself present among the people gathered at Bath or Tunbridge Wells. The age possesses a certain serenity as if of a much simpler world than our complex one.

Value of Time-Travels

There is great value in such travel. When the present becomes oppressive then we may resort to the past. Eventually we return to the present, but with us comes a new point of view which enables us to select in life the beneficial things. Time-travel broadens our knowledge of man and the world, raises the standard of our ideals and enables us to find our place in the world and to live a life worthy of our own period.

"There's plenty of room at the back of the car!"

"I see, my dear, that you have much to learn. I will explain it all to you some day. Now, merely understand that it is the way of the world. See, how each time it stops more people get in when assured that there is plenty of room at the back. When it gets over the river, we will see almost all these people get out and walk. Then we will get another glimpse of our lady friends. I hope, for their sakes, they make haste."

"Let us once more dim ourselves and urge them on."

Thus faithfully shadowed, the two of us hurried home. On crossing the campus we became suddenly and unavoidably aware of high-pitched and uncertain masculine voices ahead of us. Slowing our steps in order to remain behind and as unobtrusive as possible, we were compelled to hear the most entertaining conversation. Evidently their higher cerebral centres, those of reason and judgment, were somewhat depressed by the evening's entertainment. The tale ran thus: "Shay, boys, we had a hell of a good time tonight, we were kicked out of four places. They kicked us out of the Ladies' Rest Room in the theatre. Now, can you tell me how in the devil we got in there? Tell me, straight, old man, how did we get in there, and if so, why?" His friend, none too certain of gait, went on: "Yes, and then we went around to the stage door to see Rose Marie. We followed a swell dame in and, man, I tell you, we were on the stage—the stage of the Empire Theatre! Thow along came a dozen big fellows in overalls—great, rough brutes. I don't know how many there were. To tell the truth, we didn't have time to count them, because in a minute we were on the outside, looking in."

"Yes, and what do you know about it. They kicked us out of Sullivan's, and a place where we went to have a feed; so we thought we may as well come home."

As we turned into Pembina we could still hear the ravings of a man whose inhibitions were freed.

Once more the two little stars shone brightly.

"But, brother, what does it all mean?"

"You have a great deal to learn, my little sister. 'Tis the way of the world. Come, let us dim our lights; there is a pair just returning. Keep it dark!"

—M. S.

GENERALLY SPEAKING

Men of the old times
Plundered and harried;
Men of the old times
Fought and got married.
Men of the old times
Were stalwart and brave;
Men of the old times
Each won a grave.

Men of the new times
Heed not the past;
Men of the new times
Scorn bonds of caste.
Men of the new times
Do what's forbid;
Men of the new times
Die—as their fathers did.

High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

The Engineers' Banquet is slated for November 9, and that, gang, is tomorrow. Don't forget the time—6:30.

Eugene Smith, fifth year Chem Engineer, is, we are happy to learn, almost entirely recovered from a severe attack of asthma. Must have been tough on the nurses, though, Eugene.

Several engineers are quite sure they know the editors of this column, but they have yet to obtain conclusive proof. More power to them!

Professor: "What is steel wool?"
Ainsworth: "The fleece of a hydraulic ram."

Those who experience trouble in arranging dance programs will do well to follow the plan, perfected in the power-house lab, of H. R. M. Acheson. The latter gentleman's notes for the Soph Reception were as follows:

It:
Complexion—Brunette.
Hair—Dark brown.
Eyes—Brown.
Height—5'6" (Approx.)
Place of residence: Pembina.
And for the Junior Prom they are:
Complexion—Blonde.
Hair—Golden.
Eyes—Blue.
Height—5'4" (Approx.)
Figure—Good.
Transportation—One New Ford Phaeton.

We attended the Math Club debate, "Why Calculus?" last week, and now we know the reason so many engineers are club members. Those girls serving tea (we think it was tea) lacked not in pulchritude.

Percy Field, radio "op", would very much like a pair of high-power binoculars, as the mist these cool evenings intervenes between the radio shack and Pembina.

We saw Bob O'Farrell running off with some of the decorations from the Soph Reception. At first we thought he had the ship, but further analysis proved it to be the mermaid.

Here endeth the third lesson according to the Engineers. So far it's been all High Shots, but we believe that Backfires will be forthcoming when certain individuals discover our identities.

—FAGNIP.

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for the Year Book should be taken
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THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO

Student Who Disarmed Kaiser Will Attend This University

Peter Keyser, Who Took Degree in Political Economy at Frankfurt-am-Main, Studying Agriculture Here—Was in Dutch Army During War

Mr. Peter Keyser, B.A., has recently made his appearance at Varsity to complete his knowledge of Alberta's agricultural possibilities. Since his arrival in Canada in 1924 he has obtained much first-hand information and experience in scientific farming. During these four years, besides learning to read, speak and write English, he has shown his capacities as student and farm manager. His introduction to the routine of farming processes was spread over twenty months of work on the farm of Fresno Blowey, near St. Albert. After that he was eager for a little "theory," which he sought and obtained at the Olds School of Agriculture, where he took the two-year course in one term. Here he also extended his brawn development and supplemented his work with a year at the Raymond School of Agriculture, where he worked for the provincial government.

Last spring he left Raymond and took over the management of a wheat farm near Magrath. The completion of this work enabled him to come to Varsity with the object of learning the last there is to know about the science of making nature provide the most and the best—with a little sensible control, and perhaps a modification of her own laws. It is his belief that no place in Canada offers better opportunities for young men willing to work than Alberta. He hopes to soon become a Canadian citizen, and to be prepared to give "full value" returns for what help and training he has received by the aid of the provincial government.

Over in Holland

His homeland picture expresses itself to most of us in terms of windmills, dykes, tulips, wooden shoes and ultra "plus fours." His early inclinations were distinctly agricultural, being brought up on his father's farm near Utrecht. However, his father, who has been President of the Royal Farmers' Association of the Netherlands for the last thirty-five years, planned a career for Peter along the lines of political economy. The war interrupted just when Peter had completed his high school studies, and he answered the call to the colors. He was only seventeen when he joined the cadets, but he soon attained the rank of second lieutenant in the Dutch Motor-Cycle Brigade, in which he served till demobilization in 1919.

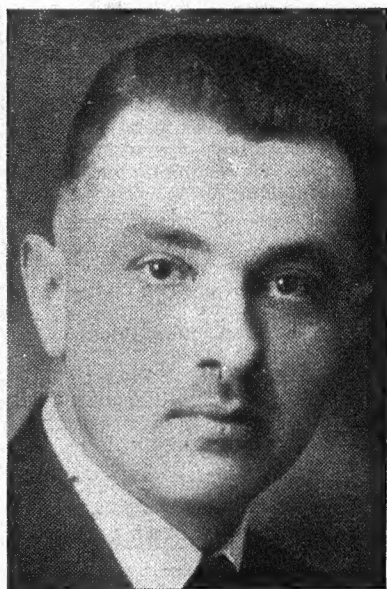
Disarming the Kaiser

It was while posted as a guard at Eysden, on the border between Holl-

and and Belgium, that he took part—by mere chance—in a very important but little known historical event. His little act was to officially disarm Kaiser Wilhelm the Second and the Crown Prince as they fled into Holland a few days after the armistice was signed. Peter was just twenty at the time, but he did the job as effectively as a man of forty. He says it was not an easy duty to perform—to ask a leader of armies to kindly hand over his sword and luger—and thereby acknowledge recognition of Holland's neutrality. It was a great moment for Peter, but he says he has experienced much pleasanter ones.

The restoration of peace—at least in a measure—was the signal for Peter to resume his paternally selected studies, and after three years at Frankfurt-am-Main he took his B.A. in political economy. He was able to obtain and hold for several years the office of town secretary in a certain Dutch town. His father meanwhile sold the farm, and Peter's last chance of becoming a Dutch farmer was gone. However, Wembley—and the meeting there of Peter's father and the Hon. George Hoadley—brought about Peter's pilgrimage to Canada. It may be hard to once more become a successful university student, but those who know him expect only success.

DISARMED KAISER



PETER KEYSER, B.A.,
Who is a new student here.

NOTICE

SEND OFF RALLY
for Rugby Team, Friday at 2:30.
At C.N.R. Depot

COWTOWN HUSKIES ARE DOCLIE BEFORE GREEN AND GOLD ATTACK

(Continued from page four)

spiral to the deadline. Varsity 11, Calgary 6.
Calgary ball on the 25 yard line. McCallum makes 1 yard followed by 3 yards by McLeod through left middle. Henderson kicks to Hess, who runs back 6 yards. On the first down Bruce Brown tears off 5 yards. Varsity offense. Hess kicks to Henderson over the touchline, and he runs it out to the 5 yard line. On two successive bucks by Fidler and Pete Semkowicz there is no gain. Henderson kicks to Hess, who runs it back 10 yards, and is tackled by Gideon, who is aided by Henderson sitting on Fred's head. Latter somewhat peeved, but no casualties. Varsity offense. Hess kicks to the deadline. Varsity 12, Tigers 6.

Ball on Calgary's 25 yard line. Henderson fails to gain on first down. McLeod makes 2 yards through the left, fumbles, and O'Brien recovers for Varsity. Hess makes 2 yards through the left, Shandro gains 3 yards to the right, and then Fred boots it to Henderson, who is rouged by Timothy. Varsity 13, Tigers 6.

Calgary ball on the 25 yard line. McLeod fails to gain to the left. Pete makes 3 yards on a three-man end run to the right. McCallum gains four yards to the right. Henderson kicks to Timothy, who fumbles, the ball is recovered by the Tigers, but the big train Daly coming up from behind tackles his own man. Fidler surprises everyone, including himself, with a nice 45 yard spiral over Timothy's head. Mickey recovers on the 20 yard line. Hess kicks out of danger. It was a smart piece of work. On next two downs there is no further gain, and Fidler kicks to Hess, who returns it on the first down to McLeod, who makes another nice run around the right of twenty yards. The Tigers this period are playing better football than Varsity. Half-time.

Third Quarter

Varsity kicks off to Thompson, who runs it out 10 yards. Bruce Brown hurt. McLeod fails to gain through center. Peter makes 2 yards through right, and Henderson kicks to Hess, who runs back 2 yards. Hess kicks a beauty of almost 60 yards over Pete's head. Pete runs the ball out from behind the touchline, but is forced back and fumbles. Good old Barnett again does his falling act for another touch. Hess fails to convert. Varsity 18, Tigers 6.

Calgary makes a short kick (10

yards) to Hall on the kickoff. First down Hess kicks to Fidler, who passes to McLeod to Fidler to McLeod—a nice bit of passing—5 yards gained on the play with half a dozen tacklers around. McLeod makes 5 yards through left middle. Thompson rips off 8 yards more through left end. Nice work. Fidler makes 2 yards, Thompson 5 yards more and Potter completes the work with 3 yards more. McLeod makes 9 yards off the left end. Fidler makes no gain. Jenkins follows with 8 yards more around the left end. He has a nice roll that boy. First down again, three-man end run right, Thompson last man, no gain. Jenkins tries a long pass to McLeod, who loses 2 yards on the play. Fidler boots a fair one, and the ball is now on the Varsity 20 yard line. MacLean makes 4 yards through center. On second down Hess kicks for 50 yards to the Calgary 30 yard line. Timothy tackles McLeod after the catch, the latter then passing to Pete, who is taken out by Tim in turn. It was a smart piece of work. Calgary are showing up well so far, and have been doing some real bucking. On the next two plays Jenkins and Thompson fail to make a gain. Fidler kicks out. Hess returns on the first down to Pete, who is nailed on the 3 yard line. Jenkins fails to gain through the right end. Fidler gains 2 yards through the left end, and on the next down kicks to Timothy, who fumbles, but the ball is recovered by Varsity in the melee. MacKenzie on a nice play makes 3 yards through the left, and then follows with a kick to the deadline. He was apparently going to try a drop, but the line did not hold so well, and he had to kick on the run. Varsity 19, Tigers 6.

Ball on the Tiger 25 yard line. McLeod loses 1 yard on an end run right. Fidler does likewise to the left. Fidler kicks to Timothy, who runs back 2 yards. On a bad snap, the ball only rolling out, Timothy loses it to Calgary. Pete makes 8 yards through the right end.

Fourth Quarter

The quarter opens with Calgary playing a better game, the Varsity apparently taking things easy as a result of the large score piled up. Fidler kicks to McLean, who runs it back 4 yards. He then bucks through center for 3 yards more. Ball on Varsity 40 yard line. Varsity fumbles, and Ferguson, who had broken through, recovers, and on the next play makes 3 yards through the right. He follows this up with 7 yards more through the same place. First down Calgary. Pete on end run right makes 2 yards. Fidler gains 4 yards more. McLeod fails to gain. First down Varsity. MacKenzie kicks short to Fidler, who fumbles, but Varsity ends do not give him 3 yards, and Varsity penalized 15 yards. Fidler fails to go through the Varsity right end. Pete tries the other side—that's all. Shandro penalized for alleged high kicking. Fidler kick is blocked. McLeod makes 10 yards through the Varsity left end. Fidler fails through the same place. Fidler kicks to the deadline. Varsity 19, Tigers 7.

Ball on the Varsity 25 yard line. Hess is back on. On the first down Hess kicks to Gideon, who runs the ball back 5 yards to the Varsity 45 yard line. On two fake plays Gideon makes yards. Ferguson makes 3 yards through the center. McLeod makes 7 yards through Varsity left end. On first down Gideon makes 7 yards through the Varsity right end, and McLeod makes yards through the left. On a brilliant bit of broken field running McLeod runs 20 yards for a touch. Jenkins fails to convert. Varsity 19, Tigers 12.

Varsity kicks off to Peter, who runs the ball out from behind the goal posts to the 10 yard line. A nice piece of work. Fidler is tied up in the line, and then he kicks to Hess, who runs the ball back 3 yards. On the first down Timothy fails to gain on an end run to the right. Hess boots a beauty to Jenkins on Calgary's 20 yard line, but just out. Fidler kicks over Timothy's head for 35 yards, and Tim recovers it on Varsity's 25 yard line. Hess makes a beautiful gain of 7 yards through the Tigers right end. Barnett satisfactorily completes the job. On the first down Hess tears off another 14 yards, and on the play passes to Timothy, who eludes every tackler for 40 yards, being finally brought down by Fidler in the shadow of the goal post. It was a great run. Varsity are showing more signs of life since McLeod's touch, and playing as they did earlier. Immediately after the next play the final whistle blew, the ball being about 10 yards out from the Calgary touch line.

WAUNEITAS, ATTENTION!

There will be a meeting of the Wauneitas on Friday afternoon, Nov. 15. The discussion will centre on the subject of whether the members of the Wauneita Council should be elected, instead of being appointed as now.

Miss Chalkin, of the University of Wales, has consented to speak informally on student life in the old land. This topic is sure to be of interest, and Miss Chalkin's presentation of it is certain to be delightful.

Watch for the announcement on the boards, and come to the meeting.

DOES MUCH TO MAKE UNIVERSITY KNOWN

Department of Extension Carries on Important Outside Work, of University

The Department of Extension is perhaps the least known of any University Department to students as a whole. And this applies not only to Freshmen, to their more sophisticated senior brethren. We all have some sort of vague idea of the functions of this mysterious department, but if some one were to question us closely concerning it I am afraid that we should have to admit the incompleteness of our knowledge. On the other hand, to the outside world the Department of Extension is the best known and the most helpful part of the University. Indeed most outsiders know the University only through this Department. Its function, then, is to spread university knowledge throughout the length and breadth of the province, to extend university culture to those who can never hope to actually attend the University itself.

In what ways is this end accomplished? Principally in three ways: by the lending of books, the delivering of lectures and addresses, and the use of radio. We are all familiar to some extent with the book-lending function, having perhaps had occasion to make use of it at some time or other. The Department has a large and varied library of the best reading, which is available not only to students, but to everyone. Books are sent to people all over the province with no charge except for postage; they may be kept for two weeks as a rule, longer in some cases.

The most important work of the Department, however, and the part which we know least about, as it does not concern us directly, is the lecture work. Part of this work is done in the city itself. For instance, a series of lectures on "Great Biographies of History" will be given in the Y.W.C.A. during the next few months by various members of the Faculty, including Mr. E. A. Corbett, head of the Department of Extension, Mr. D. E. Cameron, University Librarian, Dr. Broadus, Dr. MacGibbon and others. The first will be delivered on November 15th by Mr. Cameron, who has chosen as his subject, "The Reading of Biography." They will continue at intervals of one week for a considerable time; they are open to the public and have in the past been largely attended. In addition to this series, Mr. Corbett and his assistants are constantly called on to address organizations of all descriptions on every conceivable subject, and at any hour of the day or night.

But even more of this lecture work

PROBLEMS OF LIFE

(Continued from page three)

dispose of all of it; or have so little that there is no question at all.)

These are only a few of the problems that fill our lives; examples could be multiplied indefinitely. For instance: should one walk across the campus or keep to the sidewalks? Should we write that essay tonight or get up early in the morning and do it? Should a girl get her hair cut or let it grow? Is it better to keep one's work caught up or leave it until just before the exams? (This, however, cannot be solved, because no one can be found who is willing to experiment with the first alternative of this problem.)

These questions may be pondered over and given serious consideration, but there are some which demand an immediate solution, such as when a frolicsome pea rolls off one's dinner-plate onto the tablecloth. Should one be economic and retrieve the pea, by slipping it back among its fellows on the plate? Should one entice it to the edge of the table and from there let it drop unnoticed to the floor? Or would it be better to seize the cream pitcher and cover the offending legume at once? Yes, truly, life has its problems.

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